

BOWDITCH (H.I.)

*Specimen*  
ADDRESS *Geo*

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES DEANE, M. D.,

OF

GREENFIELD, MASS.

BY

HENRY I. BOWDITCH, M. D.

AUGUST 4, 1858.

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# ADDRESS.

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ASSOCIATES OF THE FRANKLIN DISTRICT MEDICAL SOCIETY.—  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF GREENFIELD :

AMID the varied experiences of this life, I know of none more delightful in our hours of joy, or more consoling to us in our days of sorrow, than the unbought, cordial friendship of a manly soul. Without this great boon, vouchsafed to man by our Almighty Father, princely fortune, mere intellectual, scientific achievements, or even peerless fame seem to me poor and insignificant. Such a union extends beyond the grave. Death only makes it immortal.

In my all-too-brief intercourse with him, whose excellences we have met, this day, to commemorate, it was not my happiness to have that entire "community of thought and feeling," described, by the Great Roman, as the peculiar attribute of the highest friendship. All of you, in fact, must have enjoyed greater intimacy with Dr. Deane than it was ever my happiness to have. But I need not tell you, my friends, that there is a subtle alchemy in our intercourse with such a being, which enables us to deduce from one or two, perhaps simple expressions, all the depth of character and of mind,

that belongs to the individual. A single word, or a trivial glance of an eye often reveals a noble soul in all its fair proportions. I feel therefore, that, although I saw him but seldom, I still knew and loved him. And now that he is dead, I cherish closely his memory in my heart of hearts, mingled with other sacred reminiscences of noble men and holy women, who, like him, are gathered to their fathers.

I make these suggestions, because it seems to me that some of you may inquire, as I have vainly inquired, why I was chosen, in preference to many abler men, in your own immediate circle, to perform this sad, but interesting duty. Let me assure you that in consenting to speak to you on this occasion, I am influenced more by a sense of religious duty than by any consciousness that I shall be able worthily to fulfil the task. I am here, not only at the call of others, but in obedience to an impulse I dare not despise or oppose ; filled with an abiding sense of the high responsibility I assume, in undertaking to review, so far as it can be done in the brief hours of this day, the life and scientific labors of your deceased fellow-citizen and friend. I come not, however, to speak of him solely in the language of fulsome eulogy, for, in the solemn presence of Death, mere eulogium is a rank offense. I thank Heaven that it is here, far removed from the "noise and dust" of the Metropolis, in the midst of your beautiful valley, and near the stream made doubly famous by traditionary lore, and by his own labors, that I come to speak in simple truthfulness, of his virtues and perchance of his failings. The highest aim of Biography is not the praise of the dead, but to do good to the living. Strictly speaking, we owe praise

to no one, either living or dead; but our prayerful thanksgivings should ever arise to the Almighty Lord of all, who, in his great goodness, gives to each successive generation of us erring mortals, the privilege of meeting, and of holding sweet converse with other men and women, more excellent than ourselves,—that “noble army of martyrs,” heroes, patriots, poets, philanthropists and earnest students of nature, with which our race is perennially blessed.

Bear with me, my friends, “lend me your ears.” Above all, accompany me with your sympathizing hearts, as we descend to the tomb of our well-beloved friend. Let us look as closely as we may, at the lineaments of his character, and endeavor so to perform this pious duty, that our whole beings may be refreshed, and that we may arise from the contemplation of them, better men and women than we ever yet have been.

#### CHILDHOOD AND FARM LIFE.

James Deane was born Feb. 24, 1801, at Coleraine, Franklin Co. Mass. He was the eighth child of Christopher and Prudence Deane. This excellent couple came to Coleraine from Stonington, Conn., in their early married life. The husband was a lineal descendant from James Deane, one of the earliest settlers of Stonington. The home in which our friend was born was humble, to the last degree; but it was placed most magnificently, nearly on the summit of one of the highest hills in that vicinity. Every morning, as the child came forth from the cottage to wash his rosy young face, at the simple stone basin, hewn out by nature, and placed near the well-sweep for the convenience of the whole family, his eyes were greeted with a gorgeous

burst of nature in her sublimest form. Afar off, on one side, the distant Monadnoc arose, peak like, beyond a line of broken hills more immediately below him. In front, Wachusett lay, tipped often by the rays of the rising sun, and suggesting to his susceptible young heart ideas of serene beauty and of God. A few short steps from the dwelling enabled him to reach a height, whence he could seize in his glance the more Southern Massachusetts Hills, and the whole line of the horizon, with its curves of varied light and shadow, blending, in eternally changing loveliness, with the arch of Heaven. Can you wonder that an intense love of nature and of beauty was, by his very dwelling place, instilled into his childish heart? During a recent visit to the spot, I found all changed save this glorious nature. God be praised! no human power can destroy that. It still speaks, in all its sublimity and beauty, to every heart, as it formerly spoke to his. But the home of his childhood is gone. The bowl, scooped by nature's handi-craft, has disappeared. The foundations of the cottage are but faintly visible. The old well is choked up. A few straggling old apple trees still remain, but by their untrimmed, half-dead aspect, increase the thoughts that tend to arise unbidden in the soul, of the transitory nature of every human possession. Where the farmer formerly tilled, and a family, full-freighted with every human hope, leaped into life, we find, now, silent pasture lands, over which browse the quietly feeding cattle; and the wild strawberry, luscious as it was, during my noon-day walk, only reminded me still more of the change, that had passed over the scene, since the days when the young lover of nature wandered over it.



James' father was a hard-working farmer, of a strong mind, and rather puritanic, conservative character. He expected his sons to labor with him on the farm. He was, however, fond of books, so far as was possible with his every-day labor. James respected and obeyed rather than he loved him. His mother was a woman of sterling piety, good sense and of a more genial nature. For her he always entertained the utmost respect and intense affection. She early led him to study. Her sweet voice first greeted that exquisite sense for music, which ever after, during his whole life, was the source of some of his highest enjoyments. Lulled by her dear tones, or by his own childish notes, he was sung to sleep each night. Her influence over him was almost divine: and he cherished her memory with that strength of feeling, that every true hearted son has for a noble mother. Her death, which happened when he was about fifteen years of age, made a profound impression upon him, and a desire to quit home, and to seek his fortune elsewhere, took possession of him, from that hour, although, after his final departure, he always made an annual pilgrimage to the spot. One of the latest acts of his life was to remove, with pious and tender solicitude, her bones, from the land, now owned by strangers, and where they lay liable to the rude contact of unloving hands. I have been assured that he has rarely evinced so much anxiety as he did, until he had laid her remains upon the summit of your beautiful cemetery, close by the spot where he knew that he himself must soon rest.

Under such influences of nature and of home, as these I have attempted to describe, the boy grew up a member of a large family. But a sense of bitter loneli-

ness often oppressed him. The distance from the main road, and from other homesteads, prevented many visitors from coming to the house. The bay of the neighbor's dog, unconsciously heralding his master's gradual approach to the house, was a real delight. The annual summer call from the old beggar was a relief. The old man, like Wordsworth's Wanderer, proved a genial link between the earnest youth and the far-off city.

There was at that time springing up in the boy's heart, an intense yearning for something more than the merely physical labor of the farm. He was accustomed to wander forth upon the hills and in the forest, to commune with nature and himself. Already his youthful science led him to drive nails into the various trees, in order to watch their growth, from year to year. Or perhaps, with more delicate feeling, he would devote himself, hour after hour, to piping upon flutes made by his own hand, while lying "under the shade of his wide-spreading beech tree." If sent on an errand to his cousin's house, about three miles distant, the day would slip by ere the errand would be accomplished. He found so much to look at and to admire, as he trod the roadside or wooded path, that time passed rapidly and all unconsciously. His eyes even then were open to every new sight in nature, and his mind busily employed in attempting to unravel her secrets. Or if perchance he was directed to do some labor on the farm, he was very likely to spend the time in some humorous caricature, or in attempting to sketch on the bark of trees, the thoughts that arose within him. It must be confessed that he received frequent rebukes from his father and elder brothers for these short-comings. They soon discovered that to make the thinking youth a farmer,

merely, would be a hopeless task. I do not mean to suggest that learning was undervalued by them. On the contrary, all the children were sent to the district school, and James, subsequently, was allowed to attend for one term at Deerfield academy. He was likewise allowed to study Latin, for a time, under the direction of Isaac B. Barber, Esq., a lawyer of Coleraine. In connection with this last course of study, I will mention that it was necessary for him to take a daily walk of about three miles, and a portion of it through the woods.\* As a still further evidence of the respect for education evinced by the whole family, it is remembered that each one of the sons became teachers in the district school. Three of the brothers studied medicine. Farming, however, was, in the eyes of the father, the destined occupation of his sons, and of course, he felt regret at seeing the total indisposition of James for this honorable labor. The old, metaphysical question is ever arising with each child that opens its eyes upon this world, "Is he born a poet, or is he to be made one," or anything else, which the horoscope of his life lays out before him as his destiny. For my part, although believing in the almost almighty power of circumstances in their influence on certain characters, and at certain periods, I nevertheless put implicit faith in Wordsworth, when he finely says—

"The child is father of the man,  
And I could wish my days to be,  
Bound, each to each, by natural piety."

They are eminently true when applied to our friend. Looking back upon the history of his life, we see as distinctly, as if marked by the Almighty's hand, those

\* Later in life he studied French.

strong tendencies to a love of nature and of her study, which subsequently so finely developed themselves. Nor were the finer arts of music and drawing wanting. On the contrary, we find them constantly budding forth, and, to the infinite chagrin of his father, making him a sadly unprofitable servant of all work in the every day duties of the farm. The divine afflatus seemed constantly urging him in a different, I will not say a nobler course; for I deem the life of a true farmer, if thoroughly and knowingly pursued, one of the noblest presented to man. But it must be admitted these tendencies in James were a great drawback to his reputation as a keeper of cows or a splitter of rails.

Notwithstanding all this, he grew up beloved by all; he was the shy, unpractical, and, if we may believe his own account of himself, clownish youth; but he was full of good temper and good sense, and one of his schoolmates assures me that there was besides a nameless something about him that caused him to be respected by all his comrades as one superior to themselves, but rather incomprehensible.

About the age of nineteen, being convinced that a farmer's life was impossible, his father consented to let him seek his fortune upon a wider field. Accordingly, with the blessing of his parents, he started for Boston, in search of a clerkship, or at least, for some work more congenial to his nature than that to which he had previously devoted himself. How he contrived to get there, in those days of rough roads and from his wild mountain country, fame does not say. It is supposed that he accompanied a party of drovers. But he seems to have found himself as much out of place in the city as in the country. One remark, that he made upon

this visit, is still remembered by one who knew him intimately, "He had met with some *lonesome* places!" Nurtured in the wildest solitude and totally deficient in Yankee shrewdness, one can easily imagine how full of solitude the crowded city must have been to him. The ludicrousness of his own appearance at the time, a raw country youth, admiring Beacon street, and taking his meals at the Bite Tavern, seems to have been a source of infinite fun to him in after life. It was, however, a great delight to him at the time. As no path opened to him to obtain employment, he returned after a few day's absence to his country home.

#### CLERKSHIP AT GREENFIELD.

Still the impulse was upon him ; he could not rest, and again he sought society, and this time with a success which had a wholesome and an abiding influence upon his whole subsequent life. At the age of twenty-one years, he took a final leave of his home, without a penny in his pocket, but a brave, manly, honest heart beating warmly and hopefully in his bosom. He came to this beautiful spot, and offered himself as clerk to Elijah Alvord, Esq., then Clerk of the Court and Register of Probate. Fortunate beyond expression was the poor youth in meeting this excellent man. Mr. Alvord seems early to have appreciated the many high qualities possessed by his young assistant. He seems moreover to have felt, more than most persons do, the responsibility that was imposed upon himself to aid such a man in his career. He received Mr. Deane into his family, and there James resided for four years. The time spent in this estimable family were some of the happiest of his life. Mr. and Mrs. Alvord treated him



like a son. The children grew up around him like brothers and sisters, and, as you can readily imagine, the tone of thought and of action must have been much more in harmony with his own tendencies. His heart and intellect expanded under the warm influences of a kindly sympathy, and a sense of gratification in the performance of more pleasant and more profitable duties. The same unobtrusive deportment and an entire faithfulness in the performance of every duty, with a rich vein of genial humor underlying all his actions, marked his career. The emolument was small; but with it he was enabled not only to aid his parents, but to pay for the education of a younger sister. His love of nature still continued, and in his hours of leisure he entered, with the enthusiasm of honest Izaak Walton, into the delights of angling. At first sight, this love of angling appears inconsistent with his tenderness in the treatment of every living thing. But the difference is immense between the unmitigated cruelty of crushing a harmless worm under our feet, and the seizing of that very worm, as Izaak Walton expresses it, "as if you loved him," and then using him as the angler uses his bait, along a dancing mountain stream. In this latter occupation are included the finest exercises of body and it may be, at times at least, of soul, skill of touch, quickness of eye, unconquerable patience, excellent judgment and an elastic spring of body. If to these be added a keen love of natural scenery, with a perfect appreciation of all the harmonies ever sounding out from waving leaves and running waters; and if over and above all rises a purified and exalted religious trust, that which at first seems cruelty, becomes almost a divine art. Sure I am that the young man fully appre-

ciated the quaint saying of the patron saint of angling, who, when speaking of the ingratitude of man to God for his great kindnesses thus writes, "And for most of them, (that is "common blessings") because they be so common, most men forget their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat and content, and leisure to go a-fishing!"

#### STUDY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

How early Mr. Deane's attention was turned to medicine, we do not know; but it seems that during the latter part of his engagement with Mr. Alvord, that gentleman permitted him, while still a clerk in the office, to enter as one of the pupils of Dr. Brigham, who was, at that time, an eminent practitioner of Greenfield. Mr. Deane availed himself of this permission, and spent a part of each day in study. In 1829-30 he attended his first course of lectures in New York, given by the well known and able Professors Delafield, Stevens, Smith, Beck and their companions. A letter to his father still exists, dated at this period and from New York. It is pervaded with an indomitable determination to struggle against all difficulties, and a hopefulness that anticipates success. He closes with words most cheering to a father's heart, and with the assurance that all the son can give to make the old man's declining years more pleasant and easy shall be gratefully given.

He received his degree of Doctor of Medicine in March, 1831, and soon afterwards he commenced the practice of medicine in this place. He came without

any introduction save his own character and mind, and those of you who knew him, are well aware that no man was ever less of a trumpeter of his own fame than the excellent but modest Dr. Deane. Many physicians entered the town at this, and at subsequent periods, but almost all retired before his success, which was, before his death complete, so far as reputation may be called success. I think I may say not invidiously, that he took the first rank as a surgeon, in this vicinity. Had he been of a more grasping character, he might have made more money. For many years he was obliged to experience the bitter influences of poverty. But though straightened in means, he never would consent to become a mere routinist in our profession. He knew that there was progress, and he determined not to fall behind the foremost. Accordingly, in 1849 he quitted practice and spent several weeks in study at New York with immense advantage to himself, but more, let me add, to you, my friends, his patients, and for which, I trust you were, during his subsequent life, duly grateful.

#### MEDICAL WRITINGS.

Thus he quietly labored to make himself all that God intended he should be. Daily he gained the hearty respect of his associates of the medical profession; that sole tribunal to which every honest physician ever gladly appeals for the true estimate of his own worth. Mere public fame, fickle and thoughtless as it is, never gave a genuine success to any physician. In consequence of this respect among his peers, Dr. Deane was brought in contact with most of the rare cases of surgery and medicine within a radius of thirty miles. Feeling at times that he had something worthy of being



communicated to the profession, he was led naturally to seek the aid of the press. Accordingly, in 1837, six years after beginning practice, he sent a communication to the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. From that time until January, 1855, he was a frequent contributor to the pages of that Journal. In truth, with the exception of the editors, few have contributed more articles than he has prepared for the pages of that Journal. These papers are all written in a curt, pithy style, exactly to the point, with not a word too many or too few. Every word tells. The language is as precise and clear as his own keen perceptions. The sole regret of the reader is that the writer has been so brief. He evidently never writes a word for mere effect, but simply to tell as clearly and as concisely as is possible, whatever he meets in his daily practice, that he thinks will be of real value to his profession. He has a good thing and he submits it with entire confidence to his fellows. He writes too, as he expressed himself, for men and accomplished physicians, and not for mere boys in medicine. Hence he presupposes an ample knowledge of many things that most writers on the subject would have alluded to. The French maxim must be partially reversed in his case. We always sigh to lengthen out his communication, and are as much vexed at his brevity, as we are annoyed by the prolix writings and conversations of others. The papers are chiefly upon the surgical cases he has met, but he likewise records some very interesting cases in medicine proper, and pathology. We can trace the gradual rising of his reputation by the gradually increasing severity of the incidents mentioned, until, at length, we find him daring the boldest flights

of our art. In some instances he surpasses the great masters of surgical skill. Yet these very records by their gentle allusions and occasional bursts of real feeling, demonstrate, what you all know by personal experience, that he never operated without having a feminine tenderness for the suffering of his patients.

He moreover never operated except under a sense of duty. Speaking of one operation to me, he said, "I doubt its morality." Having decided to operate, he prepared himself perfectly, not merely by arrangement of instruments, &c., but by long and repeated thought upon all the various accidents that might be likely to happen, while actually operating. In this manner, he was never caught unprepared for any emergency.

Most of the communications to the Medical Journal were, of course, intended for professional eyes only. But you will, I know, allow me to allude to a few of them, as they serve to illustrate some of the features of his character and of his mind.

One of those earliest reported was the case of an unfortunate youth who unwarily cut off, with a sharp instrument, the ends of two fingers, and, as if to make it more certain that surgical skill should not aid him, they were left pale, cold and soiled upon the chaff and dust, on which they fell. On being summoned, Dr. Deane ordered them to be brought to him, and after washing them thoroughly in warm milk and water, he fitted them exactly to the points whence they had been severed. This he did amid the jeers of the bystanders, and with a want of faith on the part of the patient. He graphically describes his delight at perceiving the thermometer rise, when its bulb was applied two days afterwards to the tip of one finger.

In connexion with this success of his own, he playfully alludes to another of a similar but rather ludicrous character, reported by an ancient doctor, centuries ago. Those of you who were intimate with him, can understand how his sense of the ridiculous and love of fun were gratified by this quotation. Two hot-blooded youths were fighting, and one bit off his antagonist's nose and spat it on the ground. The wounded youth seized it instantly, and threw it into the shop of an apothecary that lived hard by. He then returned with redoubled energy to the fight, and having given his opponent a sound thrashing, retreated again to the friendly abode of the apothecary. The worthy leech very skilfully and tenderly replaced the amputated organ, and, fortune favoring his surgical acumen, the nose was restored to its pristine form and comeliness.

On another occasion, he describes an extraordinary case of spasms in a nervous young lady. They were so severe that, if anything was seized by the patient during the paroxysm, it could not be removed except by cutting it away from her. This tendency was ludicrously displayed on one occasion, and Dr. Deane reports the fact with evident satisfaction. During one of the paroxysms, the young lady laid violent hands on the coat of the attending physician, and the only means of escape for the dignified family doctor was to divest himself wholly of his outer garment.

I do not quote these facts for the purpose of a smile merely, but simply to show you that, dignified and grave as he always seemed, a love of fun peered out from him on all occasions.

In his later communications, he relates as among the operations he has performed, those usually known

only by men conversant with the very highest walks of surgery. In some of these he not merely demonstrates the real greatness of his surgical skill, but they likewise show that he possessed, to an eminent degree, that peculiar calmness under tremendous difficulties, that has been the attribute of the Parés, the Hunters, the Coopers and their compeers, the Warrens, the Smiths and the Twitchells of our day, those resplendent lights of surgery, that have beamed upon mankind in every age—men born to command ; demi-gods of our art ! In this connexion, I might allude to Dr. Deane's operation for ovariectomy, in one of which he was obliged to retrace his steps, on meeting a combination of circumstances, that no foresight could have prevented. He was not, however, caught unprepared even for this contingency ; for doubtless, he would have considered it as within the limits of possibility, and it was his custom, as I have stated, before undertaking to operate, to revolve in his mind every possible result, in order to be prepared for any one of them.

On another occasion he extirpated a tumor from behind the jaw, the parotid of a most fearful magnitude. He himself shrunk from the undertaking. The illustrious Dr. Twitchell had operated unsuccessfully for its removal. For a long time, Dr. Deane delayed, but the patient placed her life in his hands and demanded he should operate. He felt that retreat was impossible and his effort was a triumphant success, although, in the attempt, the surgeon was obliged to dive down deep amid the vital organs of the human neck, amid which a stroke of the knife one hundredth part of an inch to the right or the left of the true direction might have destroyed life, in a shorter time than I have taken to describe the

operation. That patient, as I learn, is still alive and well, a magnificent trophy of his vast surgical skill.

I might allude to other special cases ; but I forbear ; and will close this part of our subject with a brief allusion to some more elaborately prepared papers.

In Feb., 1854, he delivered an address before yourselves, Associates of the Franklin District Medical Society, admirable in its philosophy, and wise in the accumulated experience from seventeen years of active practice in the treatment of fractures of the thigh. Like the suggestions of able men in every department, we admire his simple and natural suggestions, and wonder we have not thought the same, a long time before.

In May, 1855, he prepared, at the request of a committee of the Massachusetts Medical Society, a communication on "The Hygienic condition of the Survivors of Ovariectomy." To prepare this, he entered into correspondence with all the eminent surgeons in this country and Europe that were known to have performed the operation. His results of this correspondence were excellent, and he places this operation, of the morality of which, on account of its dangers, he at one time had grave doubts, among those of the highest surgery. Difficult and dangerous as it is at all times, it must hereafter be performed, as we would perform any other great operation in surgery, fearlessly, if we are guided by a conscientious regard for the welfare of our patient.

#### MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY.

As Secretary of the Massachusetts Medical Society, I first became personally acquainted with Dr. Deane. It was the misfortune of that Society, and I will add,



without fear of contradiction, it was a greater misfortune to our friend, that, from various causes, the genial influences of that association had been too much limited to the Eastern part of the state. For many years, the annual meetings were held in Boston only. The consequence was, that men of the choicest character, and of rare attainments, but of limited means, were unable to spend the time and money necessary for a visit, of at least two days, to our chief city. Especially was this the fact before railroads spanned the country as they do now. Nevertheless, as members of the society, they were called upon for assessments, and the only apparent returns were the annual distribution of a volume, and the annual dinner to those who were so fortunate as to be within reach of Boston. I found Dr. Deane wholly indifferent, and, I think I may say, fairly hostile to the Society, on the ground of the injustice displayed by it towards the Western portion of the State. It was during a brief correspondence held with him upon my own estimate of the high value, of that venerable Society, as a means of elevating our noble profession, that I was first led to admire his sterling qualities of heart and intellect. I rejoice to think that there have been, of late, some modifications of action on the part of the Society, and instead of meeting always in Boston, the Association has visited the country. It has gathered its children by the banks of the winding Housatonic, within sight of Old Greylock. It has once rested by the side of the broadly-sweeping Connecticut, richly burdened with its ample and fertile fields and humming factories, pouring untold wealth into our garner. It has laid itself upon the beating "Heart of the Commonwealth." Under these various influences

and with our rapid running railroads, that seem almost to annihilate time and space, Dr. Deane became at last one of the firmest friends of the Society. I have already alluded to the communication made by him, and published in the Transactions in 1855. In 1854 he was chosen its Vice President, which office he held for two years. One of his last acts, unless I am misinformed, was to urge you, Gentlemen of Franklin County, to invite the Association to hold its next Annual Meeting at Greenfield. I regret that circumstances of high expediency required the Association to decline the invitation, for the present. Though not directly connected with our subject, permit me to trespass upon your time a little longer, by a further allusion to our excellent Association. It was born amid the turbulent times of the revolution, and nurtured in its earliest hours by such noble men as Holyoke and the elder Warren. It was subsequently borne up by Jackson, the younger Warren, Fisher, Treadwell, Brooks and their compeers,—one of whom now remains a blessed mediator, by his venerable aspect and exalted worth, between us of the present hour and our dead Fathers in Medicine, still wisest among the wise and beloved by all the land,—and now the Society, full of honors, respected by all who really know of its objects and its labors, claims the support not only of the profession, but of every intelligent person in the Commonwealth. The Society is no bigot ; it seeks rather the good of the community, than its own advancement. Its object is to raise the Standard of the Medical Profession, and it endeavors to gather within itself all the educated physicians in the State. It demands as a qualification for membership only that a man should show his right

to take his place among us, by having received a thorough medical education, and by the practice of an honest life. It is truly grateful to me to know that the Society valued our friend, and that he paid a voluntary homage to its worth. He felt at last, as all of us feel, that it is of more importance to the community than to itself. And permit me to say, my friends, that, at the present time, if a physician is not a member, it is generally, to say the least, either because he cannot become one, owing to his own unworthiness, or in consequence of a total ignorance of the aims of the Society, or, finally, it is due to an inordinate love of individual action, such, if carried out in every department of life, as would make a man an alien from all human society.

#### DR. DEANE AS A NATURALIST.

Pardon this digression, and let us now investigate the life of Dr. Deane as a Naturalist. We have seen his delight in Nature from his earliest years; it will be remembered that even while a mere child he made his juvenile scientific investigations upon the growth of trees, and that he spent his time much more eagerly in the woods than in the milking of cows. This disposition to scan all of nature's works was innate, and it simply grew in him, as all our tendencies grow, if a sufficient stimulus, and a free expansion are granted to them. In the case of our friend, it has gained for him a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, as a most keen and accurate observer, admirable in his powers of description and artist-like delineation. In the treatment of this part of our subject, I am, unfortunately, brought into the region of controversy. It is impossi-



ble to avoid it ; I cannot hope to satisfy all. If I err, it will be from want of ability to comprehend the facts, for I am sure that I desire to give strict justice. Though Dr. Deane was my friend, I do not feel that I am a partisan.

#### FOSSIL FOOT-PRINTS.

In the early part of 1835, Dr. Deane, with many of his fellow citizens, noticed some very curious impressions upon slabs of stratified sand-stone, that had been brought from Turner's Falls near Greenfield, to be used for side walks in the village. I presume that every one of you, who saw them, will re-echo the remark made to me by one of your wisest townsmen : " We all saw them and mentally, at least, exclaimed ' They are bird tracks,' and then went our way and thought no more about them." I am uttering, I believe, the simple truth, when I declare that Dr. Deane alone recognized, in their mute teachings, sublime indications of an Almighty's hand. He seems, from that moment, to have seized upon the investigation of the whole subject with that earnest, but quiet and never-yielding enthusiasm, that always had been his peculiar characteristic. He sought knowledge every where upon the subject. He visited the spot whence the slabs had been procured. He wrote to the men most noted for their learning in Geology, Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst, and Prof. Silliman of New Haven. To the former he wrote under date of March 7, 1835, stating the facts, and his belief that the impressions were those of birds. Prof. H. in reply, on the fifteenth of the same month, declared that " they could not be the result of organization." On the twentieth,

Dr. Deane wrote that, in his "own mind, there was not a doubt of the tracks being really those of birds." He moreover states that "there are other tracks which he thinks to be a continuation of the line," which is "a strong argument against the appearances being produced from accidental circumstances," as Prof. H. had suggested. To this letter, no reply was ever made. Dr. Deane was nothing daunted by scientific incredulity, but rather stimulated to more zeal, from the entire conviction that he had made a real discovery. He prepared some casts of the specimens, and sent them with a third communication, not merely to Prof. Hitchcock, but to Prof. Silliman, then the able Editor of the *American Journal of Science*, which, for nearly forty years has been the highest and almost sole medium of communication between the youthful science of America and that of Europe. Dr. Deane had appealed in vain, in a private manner, to him who, as Geologist of the State, and who from having made one official report to the Legislature of his labors, might readily have been supposed to be, (what indeed he really was) the Representative of Geological Learning in Massachusetts. This third communication was an appeal to a higher tribunal, the good sense of the Scientific Public in this country and Europe. He did not, then or at any time afterwards, pretend to give a complete treatise on a comparatively unknown branch of knowledge.

Fifteen years of subsequent labor did but make him feel the littleness of our real knowledge on this vast subject, which, at that early period of his study of it, but dimly revealed its magnificence and beauty. The paper accompanying the casts was dated in April, 1835. It met with a cordial reception from Prof. Silliman.

Combined with ocular demonstration of the casts, it caused a visit from Prof. Hitchcock, who forthwith commenced the study of the whole matter. Prof. Silliman, though cordially interested in the subject, felt doubtful about publishing Dr. Deane's communication, and requested permission to be allowed to decide as to the propriety of so doing. To enable himself to arrive at the most correct judgment, Prof. S. wrote to Prof. Hitchcock, asking his advice. That advice was against the publication, on the ground that he himself, the Professor, would be able to give, in a few months, a more "full and satisfactory" paper.

Dr. Deane continued his researches during the remainder of his life, his zeal increasing as his views expanded, and as page after page of this remote and turbulent period of the world's history lay spread out before his eye. During the last few years, not a moment was lost, that he could spare from the great labors of his profession. Late into the night, was his lamp seen glittering from his casement, like the "Evening Star," while he was copying, with his masterly touch, these relics of an ancient era.

In 1844, he sent a paper to the American Journal of Science, which was published with drawings, and he remarks that it is "to accumulate facts that bear upon this interesting subject that he presents the communication."

In 1845, Vol. 49, Page 79, he describes other species of tracks, probably those of a batrachian reptile. He closes with these words: "An indescribable interest is imparted by opening the long sealed volume, that contains the records of these extinct animals. The slabs were uncovered and raised under my supervision, and

page after page, with their living inscriptions, revealed living truths. There were the characters fresh as upon the morning when they were impressed; reminding the spectator of the brevity of human antiquity and of the frail tenure of human works. On that morning, how long ago no one can tell or will ever know, gentle showers watered the earth, an ocean was unruffled, and upon its boundaries, primæval beings enjoyed their existence and inscribed their eventful history." In a more elaborate paper, the same year, (Vol. 48, Page 158,) he describes new discoveries, a stupendous impression of a foot, half a yard long, and capable of holding a gallon of water! He adds: "What was the real magnitude of this fearful bird? He maintained his supremacy throughout the entire period of the new red sand-stone deposition, while other varieties, though gigantic and powerful, became extinct. He was endowed with a physical frame fitted to endure the turbulence of the era, in which he reigned supreme monarch of his race, and was finally exterminated only by the all-prevading catastrophies, that swept from the earth other vast creatures which were his contemporaries but not his conquerors." I think no one can doubt, while perusing these quotations, of the enthusiasm with which our friend was pursuing the study of these interesting remains.

In 1847 he describes the track of a quadruped, being the fourth that had been discovered. He infers that these early inhabitants of this planet frequented regions, which were periodically or, at least, occasionally, submerged. He discusses the causes and thinks these inundations arose from sudden floods.

Finally, in 1848 (January,) he gives a very brief account of another quadruped track.

Meanwhile he had sent some specimens and a letter, dated September 20, 1842, to Dr. Mantell of London. This gentleman laid the communication and the tracks before the Geological Society of London. The previous scepticism of Prof. Owen, and of other eminent geologists and paleontologists, was thoroughly overcome by this communication conjoined, as it was, with the discovery of the *Dinornis* of New Zealand, an immense bird, previously unknown, and which, by its gigantic proportions, seemed allied to the makers of the primæval foot-marks. Dr. Mantell says that Mr. Murchison, the president of the Society, acknowledged Dr. Deane as the "first observer" of the tracks. And again he remarks "your brief and lucid description" with the specimens, has placed this subject before the geologists of England in a "most clear and satisfactory light" and "the thanks of the Society were warmly and unanimously expressed for so valuable a communication."

In 1849 a still more elaborate memoir, with many plates, was sent to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and it was published in the *Memoirs of the Society*. Vol. 4, page 209, New Series.

Two similar papers, were published in 1850 and 1856 by the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, and in one of these he first describes the minute tracks of insects. Vol. 2, p. 71, and Vol. 3, p. 173.

It would be impossible to give, on this occasion, an analysis of these papers. Suffice it to say, that in them he alludes not only to bird tracks, but to impressions made by many different kinds of lower animals, even to those of insects and crustaceans.



During all the time he was preparing these papers, he was constantly making drawings of new specimens, hoping that at some future day the complete whole might be published, as the crowning labor of his life. I know nothing more touching than the quiet but determined manner with which he went on daily accumulating his facts. Utterly unable to see how, with his small means, the work could ever see the light, he still struggled on in a sublime faith. The amount of labor he performed seems quite marvellous, when I remember that he was constantly engaged in an extensive practice, which spared to him no certain hours of study. Called hither and thither, over a radius of forty miles in extent; surrounded by quackery that gnawed at and traduced him; conscious of his powers, yet morbidly sensitive to the idea that he was not duly appreciated by some, whom he respected, it was doubtless, with a sense of divine consolation that he turned to these relics of a past era, and with a generous ambition, labored to present them to his fellows. As La Grange of old sought in "his peaceful mathematics," a relief from the world; so our friend found, in this beautiful study, a never failing resource from the corroding cares of earth.

A part of the result of all these labors was presented to the Smithsonian Institution, only a few weeks before his death. I regret to say that the manuscript was never wholly finished. I learn that seventy plates have been prepared. These are some of the most exquisite copyings of nature I have ever seen, and quite equal to anything ever produced on this, or on any other kindred subject.

Thus far I have described the regular processes of Dr. Deane's investigations, from his first communica-

tion to Professor Hitchcock, until the culmination of his labors in his contribution to the Smithsonian Institution. From his first notice of the tracks, up to this last act of his life, there is a uniform and regular succession of events, that is entirely natural.

Two inferences, I think, may be drawn from all this :

1st. Dr. Deane must be allowed to have been the first person who fully appreciated the immense significance of these relics of a past race of beings :  
2dly. He made every effort possible to bring it to the notice of the scientific world, by repeated and earnest appeals to those acquainted with the subject, and by these various publications in the Scientific Journals and Transactions of the day. To him, therefore, is justly due the honor of being the "first scientific discoverer" of these remains.

But geological science at first was against him, and you all know the strong prejudices of any science. It elevates, but it often likewise blinds its votaries to the perception of new truths. Such was the case in the present instance among the eminent geologists of that day. The third letter to Prof. Hitchcock and, still more, the casts that accompanied it, were unanswerable. Prof. H. commenced immediately the study of the tracks, and pursued it with ardor and his usual ability. Dr. Deane willingly afforded him every opportunity for so doing, and gave every new specimen that he obtained. This was done with the understanding that, in any publication Prof. H. should make, he "would not fail to acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Deane for the first discovery." It will be remembered that Dr. Deane's third communication to Prof. H. was sent likewise to the editor of the American Journal of Science,

and that, upon Prof. Hitchcock's advice, the editor did not publish it, because Prof. H. was to give a paper "more full and satisfactory." One cannot help regretting this decision of the editor, for it seems probable that, had he published the article, the subsequent controversy would have been avoided.

Prof. H. has published several articles, since that period, and in none has he given any further credit to Dr. Deane than of having been the "first observer" or of having been "the first to call the attention of the Professor to the tracks," &c. There is no generous allowance of the real merit due to Dr. Deane, of having been the first to force upon an unbelieving, sceptical, scientific class the existence of a great truth. Moreover, Prof. Hitchcock indirectly, and by implication, lowers the labors of our friend by classifying him with others, who merely saw, but did not feel, and determine to make others feel the grandeur of the subject. All this neglect of his just claims caused Dr. Deane much annoyance. But that which aroused our friend to the defence of his invaded rights, was the position taken by Prof. Hitchcock in his report to the Association of Naturalists, at the meeting held at Washington in 1844. In this report Prof. H. claims that he is the true "scientific discoverer," because he had classified the tracks, had bestowed on them imposing, Greek-derived names! On this occasion, a brief but sharp controversy was held in Silliman's Journal. It was, however, conducted with great courtesy by both parties, and has not, therefore, left that stain upon the fair fame of Science, so liable to follow the angry disputes of her sons. I should be wanting to my own self-respect, and false to the fame of my deceased friend, did I fail to



say that I deem Dr. Deane's positions impregnable. He was, in my humble opinion, the first and only true "scientific discoverer." To Prof. Hitchcock is due what Mr. Murchison gave to him, the honor of staking his reputation upon what, at first sight, appeared absurd in the eyes of geologists. Dr. Deane and Prof. Hitchcock ought to be considered as co-laborers in a sacred cause; and as such all honor is due to them both.

I cannot conclude this part of my subject without remarking how clearly this controversy shows that men become heated and fall violently into dispute, about what is possibly an "airy nothing." These two able and excellent men have been contending for the honor of the first suggestion to the scientific world of the existence of the tracks of *birds* at a period of the world's history previously thought impossible by geologists, and *perhaps*, it may be found that *bird-tracks* never existed. You are, perhaps, aware that those who have studied most deeply into this whole matter, have grave doubts whether any of the tracks were made by birds. Dr. Deane himself admitted that some of the specimens more recently brought to light, proved that similar tracks he had previously supposed to be those of a bird, were really those of a quadruped, which walked mostly on his hind legs. In confirmation of this view of these remains, it may be remarked that the bones of these extinct races have been found but in one locality. These bones resemble in some respects, as, for example, their hollowness, the remains of the Pterodactyle or Flying Lizard. It is moreover certain that, since the "scientific" classification made by Prof. Hitchcock, a vast amount of other tracks,

of many different species of animated being have been discovered. All these circumstances will require a great modification of, if they do not annihilate a great portion of the very groundwork upon which Dr. Hitchcock founds his claim.

And thus it may happen with this controversy as with many others, especially those which bring men in contact with quiet, solemn nature. It is perchance destined to sink for want of ground to rest upon, while the combatants will be remembered for higher reasons; in that both of them were earnest students of the works of God.

It is grateful to me to leave the subject with this reflection; for in the presence of Death, all thoughts of controversy and the exercise of human passion ought to cease. You all feel, I am sure, disposed to lay the dead body of our friend down to its last sleep in serene peace with all.

#### DR. DEANE IN HIS RELATIONS TO SOCIETY.

I have thus endeavored to give you a brief account of Dr. Deane's career as a physician and naturalist. Permit me now, still more briefly, to refer to other prominent phases of his life and character.

Dr. Deane was eminently a domestic man. We have already seen his devoted attachment to his mother, and his home feeling, as evinced by his annual visitation to the old spot of his boyhood, even when the house had been long swept away. Other relations were granted to him. In 1836, he married Miss Mary Clapp Russell of Greenfield. He leaves his widow, and three daughters to mourn his loss. He was a most tender

husband and loving parent. Holiest of the relations in this life, they were the sources of his purest joys. Home was ever with him the haven of rest and harbinger of peace. To his daughters, as he has been feelingly described, he was both father and elder brother. Judge ye, who have ever known that sacred union, which exists between a brother and a loved sister, and say, if by such words we do not give our departed friend the noblest praise. He entered into the sports of infantile life, or encouraged and interested himself in their more advanced but still youthful joys. He governed them with a benign and serene love. Nothing but love and veneration for him filled their young hearts.

You all knew, better than I can tell you, of his connexion with yourselves. You remember his upright, manly intercourse with you as neighbor, friend and physician. Though a man of few words, you can recollect his genial, social character. Who among you can name to me his first act of meanness? Can you point out his faults? Faults undoubtedly he had, because he was human, but I suspect, in the ultimate analysis of them, you will find they all lean

"to virtue's side."

In his political views and actions, he was clear and reliable. Without offensively thrusting his opinions upon any one, he was no coward in the utterance of any sentiment he thought right. It was with a thrill of delight that, years ago, I saw the name of James Deane at the head of a petition from Greenfield in behalf of the poor runaway, claiming that the jails of the old Bay State should not be opened at the haughty bidding of the slave catcher. Dr. Deane was,

throughout adult life, a consistent and fearless defender of the rights of man. In becoming a physician he did not, like some surgeons we read of, cease to be a man. He did not fear to express an opinion, even if the expression of that opinion was likely to diminish his personal reputation or his monied receipts.

His taste for the sister arts of music and painting was admirable and wholly natural, for he had no instructors. We have already, as it were, heard him sounding his own bucolics in early life, upon instruments made with his own hands. After his marriage he made an organ that was so perfect, that it was purchased of him. His nature led him to listen with rapture, hour after hour, to the mysteriously inspiring strains of Beethoven, the glowing thoughts of Mozart, the magnificent and solemn tones of Handel or of Haydn. But he took little interest in the lighter music of the day.

From boyhood, he used his pencil and his pen in free, but extraordinarily accurate sketches. I hazard nothing in saying that, had he chosen either music or drawing as a profession, he must necessarily have taken the first rank among the professors of those twin handmaids of Beauty. He has left some few rythmical attempts,—*torsos*, so to speak, in the divine art of poesy.

He possessed, in a remarkable degree, a power of mimicry, and a love of fun, but they were so subdued by the graver tones of his character, that many, I presume, never suspected the existence of these qualities. Yet some of you well know how inimitably he would, by manner and voice, assume the part of another ; and in telling a story he would convulse the room with laughter, while he himself preserved an entire gravity.



In his professional relations, he was exemplary in all points of etiquette, but it is to be feared that, holding as he did the profession of Medicine in the highest esteem, he was morbidly sensitive to the support of quackery evinced by some, in whom he thought to see a wiser course of conduct. He forgot that while credulity and hope remain in the human heart on one side and craftiness or folly exist on the other, quackery will always flourish. In fact, so utterly abhorrent to his whole nature was every species of pretence, that he, at times, failed, during the practice of his profession, of giving that moral support which every patient needs to receive from the deportment and speech of the attending physician. If the sick man had a doubtful disease, or one of little importance, he was apt to have an air of indecision, or perchance of indifference, to the welfare of the patient. He would not lower the profession to suit the wishes of any one, but gave it credit for just as much power as it really had in each individual case. Now, without in the least meaning to undervalue this high tone of feeling, I do think there is a still higher idea of professional intercourse, which it has been my good fortune to see illustrated by one who shall be nameless, who, without swerving one tittle from the highest idea of truth, does nevertheless win the perfect confidence of his patient by his peculiar inimitable and indescribable tact, possessed by few. It is allowable for such an individual to prescribe, at times, very rarely it is true, a mere *placebo*, a bread-pill or a drop of some bitter tincture. Even water given frequently and *believed* to be something potent has at times marvellous effect. For all powerful is the human imagination upon human health. Dr. Deane rarely appealed to this

great principle. At times, therefore he suffered in reputation, at least with the vulgar and ignorant, who were incapable of seeing the transparent beauty of his truthfulness. But, thank God, the mind of the community, as a whole, always fully appreciates such a physician. I appeal to the hearts of all of you with whom he stood in that sacred office of family physician, and I am certain that those hearts respond affirmatively to the call.

#### RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

Having thus far traced Dr. Deane in his connection with man and the external world, let me reverently attempt to give you some idea of his views of God, and of the relations which human nature holds towards him. It is one of the stale errors, palmed off upon mankind by the bigots of a past age, that the practice of Medicine tends to infidelity and irreligion. Now, if by infidelity is meant a doubt about the sacredness of mere creeds, devised by mean adult human nature from that holiest of all books, the bible; I allow that the medical profession is perhaps liable to the charge. I for one, at least, am not afraid to hold fast upon that doubt. If, by irreligion, our detractors mean that we believe that there is something deeper and more touching than mere form and ceremony in the relations of man to God, I gladly allow the charge to be true, so far at least, as I, as one of the profession, can be supposed to know its tendencies. But, if by infidelity is meant that the faintest shadow of a doubt, in the superintendency of the love and justice of an all wise and Good Being, is excited by the study and practice of our noble Profession, then I deny the charge with my whole na-

ture. And if by irreligion is meant a want of a heartfelt dependence and trust in all our actions upon that Being, as a Father and Supporter in all of the many trials of our Profession, I reply to the charge that the vain babbler who utters it, is a false libeller upon the Profession. Why, my friends, there never was a greater falsehood than this assertion,—and I am thankful to have this public opportunity thus to brand it. Experience teaches me that, from my first introduction, as a youth, into the mysteries of Medicine, and during the whole subsequent practice of it until now, the heart is perpetually appealed to in behalf of Religion, and a wide spread Humanity. From the moment, when, thirty years since, in the darkness of midnight, I sat engaged in what was then an illegal act, the dissection of a human frame, up to this present hour, I have never met with anything in Medical Practice derogatory to the truest and deepest religious feeling and conviction. Nay more, I have have never found any sanctuary or any service so rich in religious inspirations, as innumerable scenes that are daily met by every physician in the routine of the sick chamber. Birth,—Mysterious Life, and still more Mysterious Death! Are these the ministers of Irreligion and Inhumanity? Does a perpetual contact with these great scenes in the Drama of Existence tend to lead us astray from God, or lessen our love of man? Again then, I close as I began by repeating,—the man who asserts that the Medical Profession tends to infidelity and irreligion, is either a false libeller or he knows not what he speaks.

But let us return to our friend. In his religious views, he was simple and true; but his precise opinions in regard to specific doctrines, I have been unable

to learn, except that one who knew him well assures me that he believed in the saving influence of Christ's death. Another, equally well acquainted with him, says, "he was a decided Unitarian." For my own part, I can say as Richter says of Herder, "he made me feel how much he loved God and every child." Pleasant, like the memories of Italian skies, come back to me at this hour, the reminiscences of a conversation I held with Dr. Deane upon these lofty subjects of God and of our relations to him. I had it, many years since, while driving along one of your beautiful hills, so suggestive of pious thought. He believed that no *profession* compared with *a life of goodness*. It mattered little to him whether a man were catholic or protestant, Jew or Gentile, so long as "his life was in the right." His reverence and love of God were unbounded. He had always lived among the hills, surrounded by the beauty of God's works, and his soul bowed before him as the beneficent Creator and loving Father. He would doubtless have sympathized heartily with the noble answer of the illustrious surgeon of Madrid, who, when called to visit one of the royal family, failed to kneel as the attending physician did, while feeling of the pulse of his royal mistress. Being rebuked for the omission by one of the fawning sycophants, that in all ages lick the footsteps of the great, he replied indignantly, drawing himself to his full height, "But I am Collado! I kneel only to my God." Alas! my friends! that in all our discussions on this subject of religion, this first, best gift by God to man—that innate, unconquerable sentiment which binds the creature to the Creator! we cannot allow each to enjoy the faith, which his own conscience approves of as absolute



truth to himself. Let us but once all adore God as the father, and then, at least by an iron logic, we shall be compelled to acknowledge the essential brotherhood of the human race ; even if the heart refuses to assent to that conclusion.

I have thus endeavored to relate to you the prominent facts of Dr. Deane's life, and to give you some idea of his character. We have seen him as a child of poor but religious parents, drinking in, with every sense, all the grandeur and beauty of nature, so lavishly spread before him. Early in life, and perhaps unconsciously, he makes his protest against merely physical labor, and devotes himself to the cultivation of his intellect and his tastes. He grows slowly, without show or special elegance, but with a solid firmness. Turning readily to that noble profession which is so capable of enriching the mind and expanding the heart of its votary, he reaches the highest point of reputation with his peers, his professional associates. During these professional engagements, in all of which most of you, who hear me have enjoyed his kindly ministrations, in the daily walks of life, he still kept his eyes ever open to the revelations of nature. Horticulture was his pleasant recreation, and a drive among your hills gave him infinite delight. Suddenly, he awoke to a new existence, in the recognition of the sublime significance wrapped up in a simple foot stone near his dwelling. His highest, his religious nature was ever afterwards constantly appealed to, while bringing to light specimen after specimen of these relics of a past age. Each part of his life seems fitted to all the others. With the exception derived from the inherent imperfections of our nature, we see a beautiful and symmetrical whole, a well pro-

portioned, stalwart intellect, guided by an honest, earnest, religious soul.

#### HEALTH, SICKNESS, AND DEATH.

Dr. Deane was of a tall and commanding form, half a head taller than most men, and of a well knit, compact frame. His very walk conveyed an idea of strength.

Having enjoyed more health than usually falls to the lot of man, he for almost the first time in his life, was seriously ill, about five years since. Though he recovered completely, this illness seems to have taught him much upon the frail tenure of his life. About three months since, he began to suffer from headaches, and he was less well generally. Finally, about three weeks before his death, he was struck down by a kind of typhoidal series of symptoms, which gradually augmented until he quietly sunk into his last sleep, June 8, 1858. Before this final closing of his eyes upon this earth, you all remember the frequent questionings about his health from old and young. You recollect the troops of friends that came up from all the country round, at the time of his burial; the immense gathering at the church, and the long, sad procession of honor that followed his remains, to lay them gently in the bosom of our Mother Earth, by the side of her, upon whose breast he nestled when a little child.

#### CONCLUDING REMARKS.

And now, my friends, what wait we longer for? Allow me a few words ere we finally part, each to fight his own battle in this God-given, glorious life of ours.

Nothing is more pleasant or more profitable to us, than the study of a great and good man's life. In tracing him from his cradle to the grave we always read a rich lesson of human experience. While watching the last breath on earth of such a man, or while standing by his grave, as we seem waiting at this moment, honest, and for a time, at least, earnest aspirations well-up from the depths of our consciences, and we renew our oft-broken vows of devotion to the "Good, the Beautiful, and the True." Allow me, my friends, to read, so far as I can, the lesson of this hour.

To my associates of the medical profession, the dead form of our brother speaks in mute but eloquent tongue, bidding us to respect, as he did, our noble art; to put aside all quackery and untruthfulness from our thoughts and deeds; to claim nothing more than is right and submit to nothing that is wrong, when the duties of our profession summon us; to deal gently with and to honor one another; to abhor detraction, even by a look, from another's fair fame; to avoid all routinism in our practice, and to keep ever our hearts unspotted, and our minds always active in our search after truth. Those of you who are called to drive in this immediate neighborhood, it summons, as with a prophet's voice, to keep your intellects sharp and your eyes wide awake to the sublimity of primeval nature, as well as to the ever springing, living beauty that opens in such profusion before you.

And to those out of the profession, those of you who knew him and revered him as "the beloved physician," what shall I say? Vain were the task for me to attempt to bring up before you more vividly than, I know, arise in your hearts at this hour, the hallowed

memories of his excellent character, clothed as it was in a noble form. You all remember his unnumbered acts of gentle kindness, his calm serenity of soul, his self-sacrificing devotion to you during your hours of illness or of affliction. Can I, by any simple words, recall more clearly your sense of dependence and trust, as you greeted his daily entrance into your sick chamber? Can I indeed say anything which will add one iota to your keen appreciation of your loss, or to the sorrow with which all your hearts are now beating? See to it, my friends, that those excellences you revere in him be not wholly lost upon you. Let them be engrafted, so far as that is possible, upon your own characters and lives.

In conclusion, how shall I dare to approach those more tenderly beloved ones of his own dear home? To your crushed spirits no human power can suggest one ray of consolation. I can but refer you to his own dying words, so full of a sweet faith in the divine mercy—"God will be gracious" to you, if you but humbly submit and endeavor to read aright the awful, but heavenly lesson he has set before you. Cherish too the legacy he has left you. It will grow more and more precious as your years roll on; for priceless is the legacy left by a noble father and husband,—his own spotless fame.

## APPENDIX.

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The following is a list of the publications by Dr. Deane, in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

1. Congenital fissures of the palate. Vol. 16, page 333. June 28, 1837.
2. Extraordinary case of spasms of the voluntary muscles. Vol. 28, 336. 1843.
3. Polypus in utero, of unusual size. Vol. 30, p. 449. July 1844.
4. Case of carditis—very curious; allusions, likewise, to the treatment pursued in a case of obstinate constipation. Vol. 32, p. 158. 1845.
5. Iodine injections in the treatment of hydrocele. &c. Vol. 33, p. 18. 1845.
6. Inhalation of ether—cases. Vol. 37, p. 18. Dec. 1847.
7. Fibrous tumors of the uterus—Gastrotomy—Very interesting, as he was obliged to close the wound without removal of tumor—Recovery of patient. Vol. 32, p. 221. Oct. 1848.
8. Abscess of the tibia—Trephining of the bone. Vol. 43, p. 131. Sept. 1856.
9. Ovariectomy—Cases—Practical suggestions. Vol. 44, p. 474. 1851.
10. Lithotripsy in a female. Vol. 46, p. 20. 1852.
11. Tumors of various kinds—Diagnosis, &c. Vol. 46, p. 400. 1852.
12. Chronic laryngitis—Case. Vol. 46, p. 503. 1853.
13. Popliteal aneurism—Operations. Vol. 48, p. 141. June 1853.
14. Union of divided fingers—Cases. Vol. 48. 329. May 1853.
15. Immense tumor of the parotid—Operation—Radical cure. Vol. 48, p. 486. Jan. 1854.
16. Fractures of the femur and their treatment—An address delivered before the Franklin District Medical Society, at their meeting in Feb. 1854. Vol. 50, p. 57.
17. Polypus of the uterus. Vol. 51, p. 141. Sept. 1854.
18. Ligature of the femoral artery—Important case, Vol. 53, p. 1. Aug. 1855.
19. Case of Osteo-Aneurism—Very interesting. Vol. 53, p. 444. Dec. 1855.



The following paper was published by the Massachusetts Medical Society in its proceedings in 1855.

20. "On the hygienic condition of the survivors of ovariectomy." It was likewise republished by John Wilson & Co., Boston.

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The following is the list of his contributions to scientific journals, &c., on the subject of Fossil footprints.

1. Letter to Dr. Mantell, &c. See Silliman's Journal, Vol. 45, p. 178. Oct. 1843.
2. On fossil footmarks of Turner's Falls. Plate. Ibid. Vol. 46, p. 73. April 1844.
3. On the Discovery of the Fossil Footmarks. Ibid. Vol. 47, p. 292. Oct. 1844.

These papers contain the controversy with Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst College.

4. Fossil Prints in the New Red Sand Stone of the Connecticut Valley—Batrachian Reptile or Marsupial Mammalian Tracks—Rain drops, with plate. Ibid. Vol. 48, p. 158. 1845.
5. Extract from a letter to Prof. Silliman. Ibid. Vol. 49, p. 213. 1845.
6. Notices of new Fossil Footprints. Ibid. Vol. 3, New Series, p. 75. Jan. 1847.
7. Footprints of a new species of Quadruped. Ibid. Vol. 5, p. 40. 1848.
8. In the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Vol. 4, New Series, p. 209, 1849, is a communication dated Aug. 8, 1849, entitled Illustrations of Fossil Foot-prints, of the valley of the Connecticut,—With nine plates.
9. In the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Vol. 2, Second Series, p. 71, 1850—4, he published an article entitled, "Fossil Foot-prints of Connecticut River."
10. And in Vol. 3, Part 3, p. 173, "On Sand-stone Fossils of Connecticut River."
11. Finally, in 1858, a few weeks before his death, he presented his Memoir on the whole subject, to the Smithsonian Institution, by which, it is hoped it will ere long be published.

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MASS. MEDICAL SOCIETY,—SEE PP. 20 AND 21 OF ADDRESS.

The Massachusetts Medical Society was incorporated by the State in Nov. 1, 1781, Dr. E. A. Holyoke was authorized to fix the time for holding the first meeting. The above date was just six weeks before the surrender of Cornwallis, Oct. 19, 1781, and two years before the final treaty of peace with Great Britain, Sept. 23, 1783. It consisted originally of 31 members; now it extends all over the State, and has nearly one thousand members.

Till 1852, all the meetings were held in Boston. Since that period, meetings have been occasionally held in other places, viz: Pittsfield, Springfield, Fitchburg, Worcester and New Bedford.

Dr. Deane was elected a member of the Natural History Societies of Montreal and Boston. He received the Honorary Degree of A. M., from Amherst College, in 1838.

Dr. Deane was married in 1835, to Miss Mary Clapp Russell, daughter of John Russell, Esq., of Greenfield. They had four children, a son and three daughters,—Mary, Alice and Grace. The widow and the three daughters still survive.

The following Elegiac Ode, written for the occasion by Mrs. F. H. COOKE, was sung before the delivery of the Address.

“ Long river ! ” Let thy dirge-like sigh  
Breathe sadly to the leaning bank ;  
Cold is the ear, and closed the eye,  
That oft thy varied beauties drank.

Our friend from thee acquired the lore  
Long treasured in thy pictured sands,  
Till science owned one volume more,  
Thy gift, and his, to elder lands.

But not alone with thee we mourn  
The tuneful ear, the artist eye ;  
From us a nobler gift was borne  
In that true manhood doomed to die.

From halls where Galen's followers bend  
Twining a leader's bier with flowers,  
From hearts and homes, a valued friend  
Has passed to higher life than ours.

The hand whose rare benignant art  
A thousand pallid lips have blest,  
Was prompted by a faithful heart,  
That bravely earned a Hero's rest.

He sleeps ! and when, in after years,  
Our valley weaves her wreath of fame,  
May that fair home now dim with tears  
Wear like a crown his honored name.





